

And in this madnes, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deale but truely.

Arc. Fie Sir.

You play the Childe extreamely: I will love her,
I must, I ought to doe so, and I dare,
And alſ this juſtly.

Pal. O that now, that now
Thy false-ſelfe and thy friend, had but this fortune
To be one howre at liberty, and graſpe
Our good Swords in our hands, I would quickly teach thee
What tw'er to filch affection from another:
Thou art baſer in it then a Cutpurſe,
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And as I have a ſoule, Ile naille thy life too't.

Arc. Thou dar'ſt not ſoule, thou canſt not, thou art feeble,
Put my head out? Ile throw my Body out,
And leape the garden, when I ſee her next.

Enter Keeper.

And pitch between her armes to anger thee.

Pal. No more; the keeper's comming; I ſhall live
To knocke thy braines out with my Shackles.

Arc. Doe.

Keeper. By your leave Gentlemen;

Pal. Now honeſt keeper?

Keeper. Lord *Arcite*, you muſt preſently to'th Duke;
The cauſe I know not yet.

Arc. I am ready keeper.

Keeper. Prince *Palamon*, I muſt awhile bereave you
Of your faire Coſens Company.

Exeunt Arcite, and Keeper.

Pal. And me too,
Even when you pleaſe of life; why is he ſent for?
It may be he ſhall marry her, he's goodly,
And like enough the Duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood and body: But his falſehood,
Why ſhould a friend be treacherous? If that
Get him a wife ſo noble, and ſo faire;
Let honeſt men ne're love againe. Once more

I would but ſee this faire One: Bleſſ
And fruite, and flowers more bleſſ
As her brighr eies ſhine on ye. wou
For all the fortune of my life herea
Yon little Tree, yon blooming Ap
How I would ſpread, and ſling my
In at her window; I would bring he
Fit for the Gods to feed on: youth a
Still as ſhe taſted ſhould be double
And if ſhe be not heavenly I would
So neere the Gods in nature, they ſ

And then I am ſure ſhe would love
Wher's *Arcite*,

Keeper. Banishd: Prince *Pirithous*
Obtained his liberty; but never mo
Vpon his oth and life muſt he ſet fo
Vpon this Kingdome.

Pal. Hees a bleſſed man,
He ſhall ſee Thebes againe, and call
The bold yong men, that when h
Fall on like fire: *Arcite* ſhall have
If he dare make himſelfe a worthy
Yet in the Feild to ſtrike a battle fo
And if he loſe her then, he's a cold
How bravely may he beare himſelf
If he be noble *Arcite*; thouſand wa
Were I at liberty, I would doe thi
Of ſuch a vertuous greatnes, that t
This bluſhing virgine ſhould take
And ſeeke to raviſh me.

Keeper. My Lord for you
I have this charge too.

Pal. To diſcharge my life.

Keep. No, but from this place to
The windowes are too open.

Pal. Devils take 'em
That are ſo envious to me; pre'thee